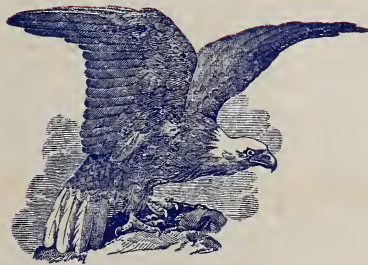


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THE BIRTHDAYS OF WASHINGTON AND LINCOLN



PREPARED FOR THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS BY
**W. L. STOCKWELL, SUPERINTENDENT
OF PUBLIC INSTRUCTION,**
JANUARY, 1907.

ISSUED BY THE

Department of Public Instruction

FOR THE USE OF THE

SCHOOLS OF NORTH DAKOTA.

W. L. STOCKWELL,
Superintendent Public Instruction.

BISMARCK, 1907.



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BISMARCK, N. D., JANUARY 15, 1907.

Superintendents and Teachers of North Dakota:

The State Department of Education wishes to call your attention to the proper observance of the anniversaries of the birthdays of Washington and Lincoln. The twelfth and twenty-second days of February are legal holidays in this state by virtue of statutory enactment. That these days should be properly observed by setting apart a portion of each for exercises which will impress on the minds of the pupils of our state lessons of patriotism and devotion to civic duty. The country, which is without national heroes, is one in which the people are not patriotic. We do not advocate hero worship, nor that a man should be honored for things he has not done, but we do wish to teach that the great men, who, by their patriotic devotion to this country, made possible the liberty which we now enjoy, should be revered by succeeding generations and their deeds should be reviewed in such a manner as will best bring to our boys and girls a sense of the responsibility which rests on the citizens who are active in carrying on this government at present and those which will in a few years rest on them.

Washington was a patriot whose memory should be venerated, not alone for his deeds of valor on the field of battle, not alone for his devotion to the trust imposed in him as the first president of the young Republic, for which he fought so bravely, not alone for the purity of his private life, but for all of these. The soldier in the field is entitled to all honor for his patriotic bravery, but the civil officer who, without fear or favor, performs the duties which devolve upon him, is entitled to as much honor as the soldier. Nor is it necessary that a patriot be an officer. The private citizen whose object in life is the uplifting and making better his fellow man, is as great a patriot as either the soldier of valor or the officer of highest motives.

In Abraham Lincoln, we find exemplified the traits of character which make men truly great. Born in lowly circumstances, in an obscure Kentucky home, he rose through all the grades of life and, at the end of his eventful life, he received the plaudits of a grateful and devoted people. His fame and patriotism are not circumscribed within the bounds of this country, but are known and honored by all civilized people.

Let the days above referred to be observed in a fitting manner. The two-fold purpose of honoring our national heroes and great patriots, and the lesson of patriotic devotion, should be brought home to our pupils. These days are holidays for a special purpose and should not be considered as days of leisure.

Let us all unite in teaching the lesson of patriotism, which must never grow old.

Respectfully yours,

W. L. STICKWELL,
Supt. Public Instruction.



Washington

"Soldier and statesman, rarest unison;
High-poised example of great duties done
Simply as breathing, a world's honors worn
As life's indifferent gifts to all men born;
Dumb for himself, unless it were to God,
But for his barefoot soldiers eloquent,
Tramping the snow to coral where they trod,
Held by his awe in hollow-eyed content:
Modest, yet firm as Nature's self; unblamed
Save by the man his nobler temper shamed;
Never seduced through show of present good
By other than unsetting lights to steer
New-trimmed in heaven, nor than his steadfast mood
More steadfast, far from rashness as from fear;
Rigid, but with himself first, grasping still
In swerveless poise the wave-beat helm of will;
Not honored then or now because he wooed
The popular voice, but that he still withstood;
Broad-minded, high-souled, there is but one
Who was all this and ours, and all men's—Washington."
—JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

The Character of Washington

América has furnished to the world the character of Washington. And if our American institutions had done nothing else, that alone would have entitled them to the respect of mankind. Washington!—"First in war, first in peace and first in the hearts of his countrymen!"—Washington is all our own! The enthusiastic veneration and regard in which the people of the United States hold him prove them to be worthy of such a countryman; while his reputation abroad reflects the highest honor on his country and its institutions. I would cheerfully put the question to-day to the intelligence of Europe and the world, what character of the country, upon the whole, stands out in the relief of history most pure, most respectable, most sublime; and I doubt not, that by a suffrage approaching to unanimity the answer would be Washington!

This structure, by its uprightness, its solidity, its durability is no unfit emblem of his character. His public virtues and public principles were as firm as the earth on which it stands; his personal motives as pure as the serene heaven in which its summit is lost. But indeed, though a fit, it is an inadequate emblem. Towering high above the column which our hands have builded, beheld, not by the inhabitants of a single city, or a single state, ascends the colossal grandeur of his character, and his life. That crowded and glorious life, was the life of an American citizen.

I claim him for America. In all the perils, in every darkened moment of the state, in the midst of the reproaches of enemies and the misgiving of friends, I turn to that transcendant name for courage and consolation. To him who denies, or doubts, whether our fervid liberty can be combined with law, with order, with the security of property, with the pursuit and advancement of happiness; to him who denies that our institutions are capable of producing exaltation of soul, and the passion of true glory; to him who denies that we have contributed anything to the stock of great lessons and great examples,—to all these I reply by pointing to Washington!

—DANIEL WEBSTER.

The Grave of Washington

Disturb not his slumber; let Washington sleep.
'Neath the boughs of the willow that over him weep;
His arm is unnerved, but his deeds remain bright
As the stars in the dark vaulted heaven at night.

O, wake not the hero! his battles are o'er;
Let him rest, undisturbed on Potomac's fair shore;
On the river's green border as flowery dressed,
With the hearts he loved fondly, let Washington rest.

Awake not his slumbers; tread lightly around;
'Tis the grave of a freeman, 'tis liberty's mound;
The name is immortal; our freedom is won;
Brave sire of Columbia, our own Washington!

O, wake not the hero! his battles are o'er;
Let him rest, calmly rest, on his dear native shore;
While the stars and the stripes of our country shall wave
O'er the land that can boast of a Washington's grave.

—ALBERT PIKE.



The Vow of Washington

The sword was sheathed; in April's sun
Lay green the fields by Freedom won;
And severed sections, weary of debates,
Joined hands at last and were United States.

* * * * *

How felt the land in every part
The strong throb of a Nation's heart
As its great leader gave with reverent awe,
His pledge of Union, Liberty and Law!

That pledge the heavens above him heard;
'That vow the sleep of centuries stirred;
In world-wide wonder listening peoples bent
Their gaze on Freedom's great experiment.

Could it succeed? Of honor sold
And hopes deceived all history told.
Above the wrecks that strewed the mournful past
Was the long dream of ages true at last?

Thank God! The peoples choice was just,
The one man equal to his trust,
Wise beyond lore, and without weakness, good,
Calm in the strength of flawless rectitude!

His rule of justice, order, peace,
Made possible the world's release.
Taught prince and serf that power is but a trust,
And rule alone, which serves the ruled, is just!

* * * * *

Our first and best! His ashes lie
Beneath his own Virginian sky.
Forgive, forget, O true and just and brave,
The storm that swept above thy sacred grave!

* * * * *

The change for which he prayed and sought
In that sharp agony was wrought;
No partial interest draws its alien line
'Twixt North and South, the cypress and the pine.

* * * * *

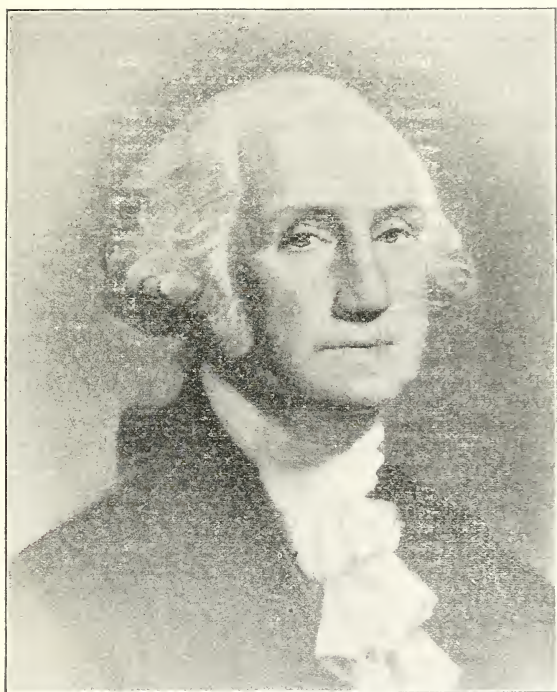
—JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

"There was always a Washington to surprise people. There was the still self-controlled, grave man, who suddenly flashed forth in a resolute act, seizing the opportunity and doing the one thing which was instantly demanded, and there was the quick-tempered, fiery man who held himself in check, waited for other people to speak and act, and then came forward with a few plain, deliberate words, which showed that he had grasped the whole situation and could be depended on to carry through his resolution patiently and persistently.

"When, on Oct. 19, the army of Lord Cornwallis surrendered to Gen. Washington, there was a tumult of rejoicing in camp which was long remembered. Washington issued orders that the army should give thanks to God. 'Divine service,' he said, 'is to be performed tomorrow in the several brigades and divisions. The commander-in-chief earnestly recommends that the troops not on duty should universally attend, with that seriousness of deportment and gratitude of heart which the recognition of such reiterated and astonishing interpositions of providence demand of us.'

"The officers of the combined armies spent some time in the neighborhood, and there was a great ball given at Fredericksburg by the citizens of the place. The most distinguished guest was the mother of Washington, then seventy-four years old, who came into the room leaning on the arm of her son. She was quiet and dignified, as one after another of the French officer made his bow and his complimentary speech; but I think there must have been a great deal of motherly pride in her heart, though it is said that when her George came to see her alone after the victory of Yorktown, she spoke to him of his health, marked the lines of care on his face, spoke of his early days and gave him a mother's caution, but said nothing of the glory he had won. To the last he was her boy and not America's hero."

—HORACE E. SCUDDER.



Who Patriots Are.

Chas. E. Dole

Who are the patriots in America? No doubt many would answer at once, "The patriots are the men who fight for their country, the men who stood with Warren on Bunker Hill, and with Sumter and Marion and Morgan in the Carolinas; the men who made Cornwallis surrender at Yorktown; the sailors who fought alongside of Paul Jones; the sailors on the good ship Constitution; the soldiers who followed Grant to Richmond; the men in Farragut's fleet; the men who rode with Custer on the plains of the far west; Dewey and his men at Manila; Roosevelt and Hobson at Santiago—all these were patriots."

There is something wrong in thinking that patriots must be soldiers and sailors. What shall we say of the women, who do not fight? What shall we call Martha Washington, who had to stay at home while her husband was at Valley Forge? What shall we call the thousands of women who sent their brothers and sons to help Washington and Grant? Were not these women as good patriots as their husbands and brothers? Indeed, women often had the hardest time. They had to carry on the farms, while the men were away; they suffered from anxiety and loneliness. For many a brave woman it would have been easier to die herself than to send her boy away to die with wounds or with fever. We must surely call all brave women patriots who love their country well enough to let their husbands and sons go to war for the sake of the flag.

We must not forget a multitude of men who, even in the war of the Revolution, and in the great Civil War, were never soldiers or sailors, and yet were patriots. There was Benjamin Franklin, for instance. He did not fight, but who loved America better than he? If it had not been for his services at the French king's court, no one knows how many weary years the War of Independence might have lasted.

There was Samuel Adams; who ever heard of him fighting a battle? But he was as brave and sturdy a patriot as any soldier could be.

There was Washington's friend, Robert Morris, of Philadelphia, who helped get money to pay the soldiers.

To be a patriot is to love one's country; it is to be ready and willing if need comes, to die for the country, as a good seaman would die to save his ship and his crew.

Yes! To love our country, to work so as to make it strong and rich, to support its government, to obey its laws, to pay fair taxes into the treasury, to treat our fellow citizens as we love to be treated ourselves—this is to be good American patriots.

Recitation

'Tis splendid to live so grandly
That, long after you are gone
The things you did are remembered,
And recounted under the sun ;
To live so bravely and purely,
That a nation stops on its way,
And once a year with banner and drum,
Keeps the thought of your natal day.

'Tis splendid to have a record,
So white and free from stain
That held to the light, it shows no blot
Though tested and tried again ;
That age to age forever
Repeats its story of love,
And your birthday lives in a nation's heart
All other days above.

And this is Washington's glory,
A steadfast soul and true,
Who stood for his country's honor
When his country's days were few.
And now when its days are many,
And its flag of stars is flung
To the breeze in defiant challenge,
His name is on every tongue.

Yes, it's splendid to live so bravely,
To be so great and strong,
That your memory is ever a tocsin
To rally the foes of the wrong ;
To live so proudly and purely
That your people pause in their way,
And year by year with banner and drum,
Keep the thought of your natal day.

By MARGARET SANGSTER.

Washington's Birthday

I have somewhere read the story
Of a day long, long ago,
When the earth lay hushed and silent
'Neath the drifting winter snow.

That the Father, up in heaven,
Looking down on us in love,
Sent to earth a little baby
From the starry realms above.

And 'tis said that kindly fairies
Stood beside his cradle bed,
And like autumn leaves a-falling,
Showered blessings on his head.

"May you ever," said one fairy,
"Judge betwixt the wrong and right."
Then her fingers on his eyelids
Pressed the gift of clearer sight.

"Be you ever kind and gentle
Unto old and unto young;"
And the second fairy, lightly,
Put her fingers on his tongue.

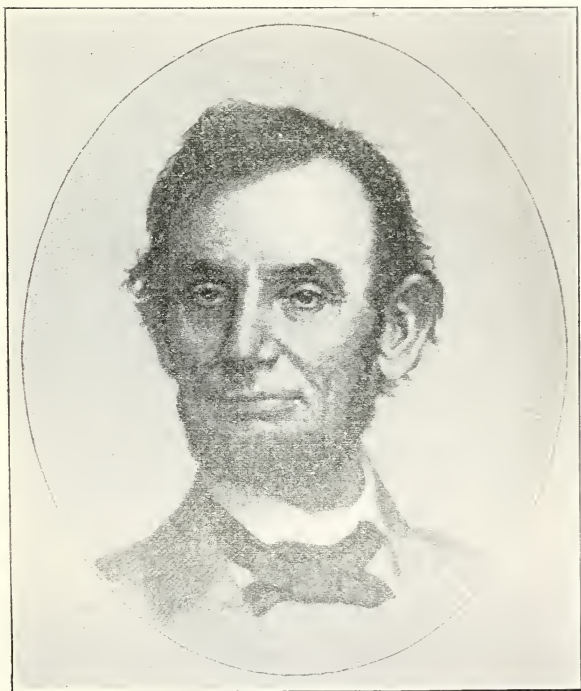
One said, "Be always truthful!"
One, "Love your country well."
But the half they said unto him
I haven't time to tell:

I know they blessed this baby,
His tongue, his lips and eyes;
And promised in the future
He should be both great and wise.

"Do they keep their word?" you ask me:
Yes, history's pages tell
That every promise made him
Was wisely kept and well.

And, though long years have vanished—
To the past have sped away,
Still the children of the nation
Keep Washington's birthday.

LIZZIE H. HADLEY, in School Education.



Our Heritage From Washington and Lincoln

Theodore Roosevelt

Without Washington we should probably never have won our independence of the British crown, and we should almost certainly have failed to become a great nation, remaining, instead, a cluster of jangling little communities. Without Lincoln we might, perhaps, have failed to keep the political unity we had won. Yet the nation's debt to these men is not confined to what it owes them for its material well being, incalculable though the debt is. Beyond the fact that we are an independent and united people, with half a continent as heritage, lies the fact that every American is richer by the heritage of the noble deeds and noble words of Washington and Lincoln.

It is not only the country which these men helped to make and helped to save that is ours by inheritance; we inherit also all that is best and highest in their characters and in their lives. We inherit from Lincoln and from the might of Lincoln's generation not merely the freedom of those who once were slaves, for we inherit also the fact of the freeing them, we inherit the glory and the honor and the wonder of the deed thus done, no less than the actual results of the deed when done. At men think over the real nature of the triumph then scored for human, kind their hearts shall ever throb as they can not over any victory won at less cost than ours. We are richer for each grim campaign, for each hard fought battle. We are richer for valor displayed alike by those who fought so valiantly for the right, and by those who, no less valiantly fought for what they deemed the right. We have in us nobler capacities for what is great and good because of infinite woe and suffering, and because of the splendid ultimate triumph.

Lincoln's Birthday, February 12, 1809

All days which are notable should be remembered. The world does well to mark its sense of the importance of such days, for one of the most fatal diseases of the mind is indifference, and hence everything which tends to rouse men out of their indifference is beneficial. The life of Lincoln should never be passed by in silence by young or old. He touched the log cabin and it became the palace in which greatness was nurtured. He touched the forest and it became to him a church in which the purest and noblest worship of God was preserved. His occupation has become associated in our minds with the integrity of the life he lived. In Lincoln there was always some quality that fastened him to the people and taught them to keep time to the music of his heart. Instances are given of his honesty, but there are tens of thousands of men as honest as he. The difference is that they are not able to concentrate the ideal of honor as he did. He reveals to us the beauty of plain back-woods honesty. He grew up away from the ethics of the colleges, but he acquired a sense of honesty as high and noble as the most refined of the teachers of ethics could comprehend.

—DAVID SWING.

Address at Gettysburg

Fourscore and seven years ago our fathers brought forth upon this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal. Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived or so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battle field of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field as a final resting place for those who gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this. But in a larger sense we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here have consecrated it far above our power to add or detract. The world will little note, nor long remember what we say here; but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us, the living, rather to be dedicated to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be dedicated here to the great task remaining before us, that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion; that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain; that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people, and for the people shall not perish from the earth.

—ABRAHAM LINCOLN.



“Poet, preacher and orator have said all that can be said of Lincoln. It were too much to claim for him a world glory alongside of those men of titanic intellects who have bestrode the Old World, and whose deeds have amazed the New. It is enough that he is dear to Americans and enshrined next to Washington in their hearts.”

—EDWIN M. STANTON.

O, Captain! My Captain!

Abraham Lincoln. 1865

O Captain! My Captain! our fearful trip is done;
The ship has weathered every rack, the prize we sought is won;
The port is near, the bells I hear, the people all exalting,
While follow eyes the steady keel, the vessel grim and daring;

But O heart! Heart! Heart!

O the bleeding drops of red

Where on the deck my captain lies,

Fallen cold and dead.

O Captain! My Captain! Rise up and hear the bells;
Rise up—for you the flag is flung—for you the bugle thrills;
For you bouquets and ribbon'd wreaths—for you the shores a-crowding
For you they call, the swaying mass, their eager faces turning;

Hear, Captain! Dear father!

This arm beneath your head:

It is some dream that on the deck

You've fallen cold and dead.

My Captain does not answer, his lips are pale and still.

My father does not feel my arm, he has no pulse or will;

The ship is anchored safe and sound, its voyage closed and done;

From fearful trip the victor ship comes in with object won;

Exult, O shores, and ring, O bells?

But I will mournful tread,

Walk the deck where my Captain lies,

Fallen cold and dead.

—WALT WHITMAN.

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Mr. Lincoln is sometimes claimed as an example of a ready made ruler. But no case could well be less in point; for, besides that, he was a man of such fairmindedness as is always the raw material of wisdom, he had in his profession a training precisely the opposite of that to which a partisan is subjected. His experience as a lawyer compelled him, not only to see that there is a principal underlying every phenomenon in human affairs, but that there are always two sides to every question, both of which must be fully understood, in order to understand either, and that it is of greater advantage to an advocate to appreciate the strength than the weakness of his antagonist's position.

—JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

## The Emancipation Group

The verses which follow were written for the unveiling of the duplicate of the Freedman's Memorial Statue which stands in Park Square, Boston, presented by Moses Kimball of that city.

Amidst thy sacred effigies  
Of old renown give place,  
O city, Freedom-loved, to his  
Whose hand unchained a race.

Take the worn frame, that rested not  
Save in a martyr's grave;  
The care-lined face that none forgot,  
Bent to the kneeling slave.

Let man be free! The mighty word  
He spoke was not his own,  
An impulse from the Highest stirred  
These chiselled lips alone.

The cloudy sigh, the fiery guide,  
Along his pathway ran,  
And nature, through his voice denied  
The ownership of man.

We rest in peace where these sad eyes  
Saw peril, strife and pain;  
His was the nation's sacrifice,  
And ours the priceless gain.

O symbol of God's will on earth,  
As it is done above,  
Bear witness to the cost and worth  
Of justice and of love.

Stand in thy place and testify  
To coming ages long,  
That truth is stronger than a lie,  
And righteousness than wrong.

—JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

## Recessional

God of our fathers, known of old—

Lord of our far-flung battle line—  
Beneath whose awful hand we hold

Dominion over palm and pine—  
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,  
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

The tumult and the shooting dies—

The captains and the kings depart;  
Still stands thine ancient sacrifice,

An humble and a contrite heart,  
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,  
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

Far-called our navies melt away—

On dune and headland sinks the fire—  
Lo, all our pomp of yesterday

Is one with Nineveh and Tyre!  
Judge of the nations, spare us yet,  
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

If, drunk with sight of power, we loose

Wild tongues that have not Thee in awe—  
Such boasting as the Gentiles use

Or lesser breeds without the law—  
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,  
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

For heathen heart that puts her trust

In reeking tube and iron shard—

All valiant dust that builds on dust,

And guarding calls not Thee to guard—

For frantic boast and foolish word,  
Thy mercy on thy people, Lord!

Amen.

—RUDYARD KIPLING.

## Flag Drill

By Eight Boys

Enter, four on each side, from back side entrance, meet in couples at middle of back, first couple turns to right, second to left, and so on. Meet in fours at back of center, pass down center in four, one four goes right, one left. Meet at back and come down in eight. Form line across stage.

All this time flags have been held across right shoulder. The commands are to be executed during eight counts, each eighth count being first position, which is flag in front of right shoulder.

1. Salute. Right and forward. Position. Out at sides. Position. Repeat.

2. Shoulder. Right hand placed on left shoulder, flags perpendicular 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7. Position.

3. Droop. Step obliquely forward with right foot, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, at same time holding flag staff horizontally out in front of body, with flag waving downward. Position.

4. Retreat. Walk backward eight steps.

5. Break ranks. Each boy faces partner, 1, cross flags, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7. Position.

6. Forward. Eight steps forward.

7. Friendship. Cross flags with partner, all facing front.

8. Unfurl. Step obliquely forward, placing right hand on left shoulder, 1; wave flag to right on 2, hold flag upon 3, 4, 5, 6, 7. Position.

9. Peace. Let staff lay across right shoulder, 1; flag droops behind shoulder, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7. Position.

10. Present arms. Hold staff with both hands in front of face during seven counts. Position.

11. Shoulder. Like 2.

12. Wave. Left 1, right 2, etc to 7. Position.

13. Display. Bend hand so as to let staff lie horizontally from right shoulder to left, flag drooping down, 1; hold seven counts. Position.

14. Triumph. Step obliquely forward on 1; wave left and right 2, 3; hold last position 4, 5, 6, 7. Position.

15. Stack. Left four boys and right four boys each form small circle, right hand extended toward middle, bringing flags in bunch; hold them high. Take three counts to get into position, hold three, and return to position on 7, 8.

16. Surrender. Hold flag in position 6 counts; on 7 open hand letting flag fall; on 8 drop hand at side

17. Recover. Stoop on 1, 2; take hold and lift flag on 3, 4, 5. Position. 6. 7 8.

18. Repeat from No. 2 through drill.

19. Salute. Like 1.

20. Four left hand boys face left, march around stage and off left back entrance; four right hand boys face and march right.



